

**Gold Bonds**  
for \$10,000  
Guaranteeing an Annual income  
of \$500. for 20 years and then  
\$10,000 cash would be a fine  
legacy for your wife and family

THE PRUDENTIAL  
HAS THE  
STRENGTH OF  
GIBRALTAR

THIS AMOUNT OR MORE, IN  
**THE PRUDENTIAL**  
Write for Sample Bond  
at your age to  
**THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.**  
OF AMERICA.  
John F. Dryden  
President  
HOME OFFICE  
NEWARK, N. J.  
Dept. 10

VISIT THE PRUDENTIAL'S EXHIBIT, PALACE OF EDUCATION, WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS.

**A BOOK OF VERSES**

By TOM MASSON



Full of  
Good  
Things

Copyright, 1901, by LIFE  
ZULETTE

"It is a charming book of verse—true, ringing  
verse."—*New Orleans Picayune.*  
"Mr. Masson is a past master in the art of  
humorous and clever verse making."—*Toledo  
Blade.*  
"The writer finds no difficulty in handling var-  
ious measures with triumphant skill."—*Hartford Courant.*

"IN MERRY MEASURE" is the title

GIBSON  
GILBERT  
CLAY  
BLASHFIELD

} HAVE  
ILLUSTRATED  
IT

A Cheerful Little Book from Cover to Cover

BOUND IN BLUE LEATHER AND GOLD, \$1.50. IN BOARDS, 75 CENTS  
POSTPAID

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West Thirty-First Street

New York

**PANSY CORSETS**

The new Pansy Models this fall  
are cut according to the latest lines  
now in vogue in Paris.

This season they will be worn  
slightly longer over the hips, with  
less dip to the waist, and some-  
what higher bust.

The laced-front corset is much  
used abroad, and promises to be one  
of the leading models this season.

All Pansy Corsets are hand-made  
by the very best French Corset-  
ieres. The most carefully selected  
materials are used in their making,  
and every little detail is given the  
utmost care. It is one of the very  
few Corsets in which genuine  
whalebone is used throughout,  
thus insuring both suppleness and  
durability.

The style and variety of models  
make it possible to fit stout, medi-  
um and slender figures as perfectly  
as if the Corset had been made to  
order.

*New Catalogue showing all the  
latest models free on request.*



MODELS F. X.

Made in Coutille, Batiste, and  
Brocade Silk. In all sizes from 18  
to 28 inches.  
Prices - Plain Coutille, \$12.00;  
Fancy Coutille, \$13.50; Plain Ba-  
tiste, \$15.00; Brocade Silk, \$25.00.

**JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO.,** 14 WEST  
23d ST., N. Y.

**BARTON & GUESTIER**

BORDEAUX

Established 1725

Fine Clarets, Sauternes, Cognac Vierge, and  
Olive Oil



MESSRS. BARTON & GUESTIER have all  
their Wines bottled at their own cellars,  
their specialty being to select the finest  
vintages only.



FACSIMILE OF THE LABEL  
B. & G. OLIVE OIL

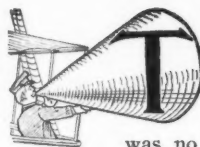
E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS  
45 Beaver St., New York

DE FREMERY & CO.  
San Francisco, Cal.

# LIFE



THE LAST DAY OF VACATION.



## Providential.

THE failure of the bottle of champagne to break at the christening of the gunboat Dubuque was no doubt providentially ordered.

All we need now is a rattling good war to determine whether a craft which has been christened with champagne is more or less effective than a craft which has not.

Of course the W. C. T. U. will not desire to evade the issue.

Logically, then, the W. C. T. U. will be for Roosevelt and the upholding of the national honor.

## Where It Will End.

"SOME meat," orders the man.  
"There is none," replies the servant. "The butchers are on strike."  
"Some bread, then."  
"The bakers are on strike."  
"A glass of water."  
"The waterworks men are on strike."  
"A cigar."  
"The cigar makers are on strike."  
"A bottle of beer."  
"The brewers are striking."  
"Then bring me a vegetable dinner."  
"The gardeners have struck."  
"At least, I will forget my hunger. Hire a band to play."

"The musicians' union walked out to-day."  
"Get me tickets for the theatre, then."  
"The actors have struck, too."  
"Oh, well, I'll go to church this evening."  
"The preachers have walked out in sympathy with the striking choirs."  
"Isn't there anything I can get?"  
"Nothing. Everybody that can feed you, or instruct you, or amuse you, has quit work."  
"Then I see I shall soon die of ennui and starvation. See that I am buried with all—"  
"Pardon me, sir, but the undertakers have called a strike, too."





"While there is Life there's Hope."

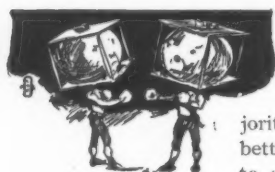
VOL. XLIV. SEPT. 22, 1904. No. 1143.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



VERMONT'S thirty-one thousand Republican majority changed the betting odds to two to one on Roosevelt, and no takers. Mr. Pulitzer, whose heart seems to be sincerely implicated in the campaign, has suggested that Judge Parker take a more active interest in the campaign. But can he? Are his talents and his training such as to fit him for an active, personal campaign? We know he can meet an emergency with an effective telegram; we know he is a man of winning personality, good parts and sound character, fit to be President if elected, but he has shown as yet no special aptitude for writing stimulating campaign documents, and he has had so little practice, either in deliberate speech-making or in rear-platform oratory, that it would be of very doubtful wisdom to drag him away from Esopus and put him on the road. The one vital issue of the campaign has come to be Roosevelt. That personal issue Judge Parker could not press. It would be neither decent nor expedient for him to do so. If he seems not to be effective as an instigator of wavering voters to support the ticket which he leads, that must not be imputed to him as a fault. We fully believe that he took the Democratic nomination at a sacrifice of his personal interests and inclination, because he felt it to be his duty as a citizen to do so. If the Democratic party is too much divided, and its campaign organization too ineffective, to

elect its candidate, we must not blame Judge Parker for that. It is no fault of his. His conduct thus far has been in keeping with his character and his record, and both are first-rate. His supporters must take him as he is. If he had been an active politician, and of a less judicial and more strenuous temperament, he would not have been their candidate.



THERE can't be any whirlwind campaign for Judge Parker. The man who represents the sentiments of the Hearst people is Thomas Watson, the Populist candidate. The Hearst papers' support of Parker is in the last degree perfunctory. Credit it him with that! Mr. Bryan is supporting the ticket in a way, but no one can doubt that he has braced himself effectively to stand the shock, in case of Democratic defeat. Judge Parker will get the votes of the South, of the great mass of habitual Democratic voters in the other States, and of some Republicans whose nerves have been disturbed for one reason or another by President Roosevelt. Also of a good many independent or doubtful voters who want to see a safe Opposition party built up, and who, while they are not losing much sleep over the dangerous characteristics of Colonel Roosevelt, prefer at least that he should not start on a second term with such an overwhelming majority as shall seem to endorse all that he is, and all that the Republican party is, and all that either of them has ever done. Persons who believe that it is a better service to the country to set a brake or two in the rear of the Republican candidate than to push behind him, will vote for the Judge, and the fact that he stirs nobody's blood, and that there is little press-where-you-see-my-white-plume-shine about his candidacy, will in no wise deter them.



TARIFF revision does not enter as much as it should into this cam-

paign. It is a very important issue, and the Democrats have the best side of it, but they have not succeeded in getting it effectively to the fore. The Philippines problem will not affect many votes; the negro problem holds the South solid, but it will not change many votes in the North. The vital issue, as we have said, and as various observers daily point out, is Theodore Roosevelt, his past actions and future possibilities. That is an interesting issue, but it may be worked so hard as to cause a revulsion. After all, there is a real Roosevelt and an imaginary one, and it is only the real one that is running for office.



WHAT a dog-and-cat time of it the Russians and Japanese are having! There never was a meaner war to read about. It is all mud and blood and killing; and worse than that, whenever anything is doing on the stage, the galleries are cleared and the curtain rung down, so that the only spectators are the actors. The geography of the present battle-ground is all new to American readers; the names are all Chinese, and all sound alike and are difficult to remember. Nevertheless, there might be interesting reading coming to us out of Manchuria, but for the inconsiderate behavior of the Japanese to the war correspondents. Nobody gets a chance to send home a good story. How different, how preposterously different it all is from our recent war in the Antilles.

The Japanese kill a good many Russians, but they make hard work of it. They have cleared Korea; no doubt they will capture Port Arthur, and perhaps drive the Russians as far north as Harbin. Will there still be as many Russians left as ever? Will the Czar still have money to spend and soldiers to sacrifice? Not being in the confidence of the Rothschilds, LIFE cannot see what is going to end the war. What civilization must hope is that it may not end until Russia's wretched system of irresponsible autocracy and bureaucracy comes down. If Oyama fighting in Manchuria can win freedom for Russians in Europe, that will be a gain that may be worth its cost.



# The Composite Roosevelt and His Names.

ONE of the neighbors has been taken to task for calling our Chief Executive "Colonel Roosevelt." "The President," says the critic, "is the President. Call him that, or call him President Roosevelt."

But the matter is not so easily settled as that. Our present Chief Executive is a highly composite entity, including a considerable group of individuals. He is:

The President;  
The Republican candidate;  
Colonel Roosevelt, late of the Rough Rider Regiment;  
Theodore Roosevelt, writer of books;  
Dr. Roosevelt, LL. D., Harv., 1902.

When you speak of the President, he is President Roosevelt; when you speak of the individual citizen, he is Colonel Roosevelt; when you speak of the author, you give him his Christian name, and call him Doctor if you like. But when you speak of the Presidential candidate, you may call him anything that is not actionable and which your manners permit. Presidential candidates have no special claim to be treated with respect. President Roosevelt and Colonel Roosevelt, the candidate, are distinct individuals. One is the occupant of a post of the highest dignity, and to which respect is due; the other is merely a gentleman running for office. It is a matter of taste—your own taste—what you call the candidate. Yet if you care to be advised, we say don't call him "Teddy," unless you have taken out a poetic license.

DEAR LIFE: Some day you may wake to the fact that, while you are earnest in leading the crusade against automobiles, you are not averse to taking money from their manufacturers; witness your advertisements in your issue of September 1, 1904: Oldsmobile, Pope Toledo, Pope Hartford, Pope Tribune, and Cadillac. Now crawl in a clever editorial, for that is why I read you.

Sincerely,

One Who Cannot Afford an Automobile.

Our correspondent is in error in assuming that LIFE is conducting a crusade against automobiles.

These "hippogriffs," as Maeterlinck is pleased to call them, are useful in-



TRUTHFUL, IF NOT POETICAL

Mrs. Angery: THERE, BERTIE, I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO PUNISH YOU, BUT YOU'RE THE WORST BOY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

Bertie: YES, MA, I SEEM TO TAKE THE PALM, ALL RIGHT, FOR BEING BAD.

struments in the hands of sane experts, and their American makers deserve great credit in bringing them, within a comparatively short period, to such mechanical perfection.

The steam locomotive is also a useful instrument. Confined, as it is, within certain limits and run by men who are rigidly required to pass a strict examination, not only in its intricacies, but with regard to their own habits, it has been a great agent for conducting our modern affairs. If steam locomotives were generally intrusted to reckless young millionaires, however, and if these reckless young millionaires were permitted to take them off the rails and run them about the country, to the discomfort and danger of everybody, even this condition could hardly be worse than we are confronted with by the automobiles.

In the hands of a responsible person, the motor car need not necessarily be an offense. But it frequently happens that the average chauffeur is not overladen

with high-class intelligence. On the other hand, the average man of wealth is apt to assume that he can learn in a few lessons what is really more difficult for a locomotive engineer to learn in months; and when added to this we have the apparent indifference of the law, and the assumption of a great number of the owners of motor cars that they can do pretty much as they please, it is no wonder that the public protests.

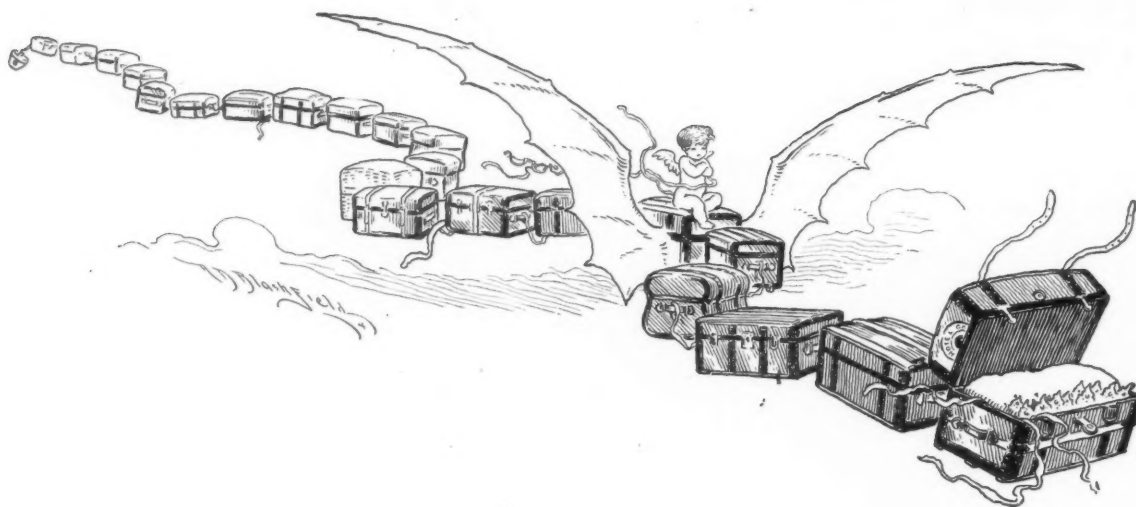
LIFE sincerely hopes that the time is not far distant when the actual owner of a motor car that is run regardless of the rights of others shall be promptly thrown into jail, and kept there until he has had time to think it over—or longer.

Editor of LIFE.

Chronic.

"HAS your husband gotten used to his motor car?"

"Oh, yes. He swears at it automatically now."



HOMEWARD BOUND.

## Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,910.25
Fair given by Dorothy, Louis, Donald.....	14.00
W. W. B.....	3.00
	\$6,927.25

AT a recent meeting of the trustees of the Branchville Fresh-Air Association, at LIFE's Farm, the following resolution, among others, commemorating the death of ex-Governor George E. Lounsbury, a fellow-trustee, was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved,* That we deeply mourn the loss of one whose wise counsel and earnest sympathy were never sought in vain; ever and always alive to the moral and intellectual interests and uplifting of mankind in general, more especially those orphaned, or unfortunate; setting the mark for lofty attainments and noble aspirations.

## COLORED CHILDREN EAT WATERMELON.

Saturday afternoon the colored fresh-air children at LIFE's Farm, Branchville, had a pleasant outing. Forming in line at the Farm, and headed by a little wee mite of a chap, in a policeman's uniform, and also by a drum corps composed of their own number, they marched through Branchville. Stops were made at the homes of Deacon Gilbert and Major Miller, where the children sang. They then marched to Deacon Gilbert's woods, where a picnic was held. Following the children was a wagonload of watermelons, sandwiches and cookies. The afternoon was spent in playing games, and at five o'clock the great event of the day took place. It was the time for serving the watermelon and refreshments. To say that the colored children were happy would only express it mildly. It was a most comical sight to watch their smiling faces as they buried them in the melons, and it was a great treat for the children. Later they again formed in line and marched back to the Farm, tired, but as happy as larks.—*Ridgefield Press.*

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER: No; the English Primate will not be lodged in the Primates' House in Bronx Park, when he comes to New York. He will probably put up with Bishop Potter or Mr. Morgan. He is not the kind of a Primate that goes to the Bronx, though it is true that the irreverent sometimes speak of him as the high munk-a-munk of the Anglican Church.

## The New Excuse.

"WHY, James Henry Pthudd!" exclaimed his wife, as he clambered up the stairs at three A. M. "What in the world do you mean by coming home at this hour, and in such a condition?"

"Now, m' dear," explained James Henry, carefully, "you jusht calm y'rshelf. I been wiz Deacon Brown an' Parson Jones, ded'catin' th' new sh'loon on Main Shtreet."



THE PRODIGAL UP TO DATE.

"THANKS JUST AS MUCH, POP, FOR THE FATTED CALF, BUT VEAL IS SO DEUCED UNWHOLESOME, YOU KNOW."

# Frenzied Financial Frankness

## The Story of ADULTERATED

By THOMAS W. LAWLESS-SON, of BOSTON, please?



I AM going to tell the simple story of Adulterated Brass. I wish to state at once that my determination to tell the story of Adulterated is not actuated by a desire to even things up with my former "pals" in the "hold-up" I am about to describe, notwithstanding that they robbed me of part of the "swag."

No! A thousand times, no!

My regard for the "Dear Public" prompts this confession—if so I must term it; although I am not so guilty as they, in the face of the admission that I knew they were confiding the said "Dear Public" and remained silent.

Still, I am willing and anxious to take my share of the



THOS. W. LAWLESS-SON.

(THE HANDSOMEST EX-OUTLAW IN THE BAND.) A VICTIM OF JEALOUSY, AVARICE AND GREED, AND THE SELF-ABASING AUTHOR OF THIS STORY.



HENNERY H. DODGERS.

A BETTER CONFIDENCE MAN THAN I AM.

blame (just as I took as much of the "swag" as I could get).

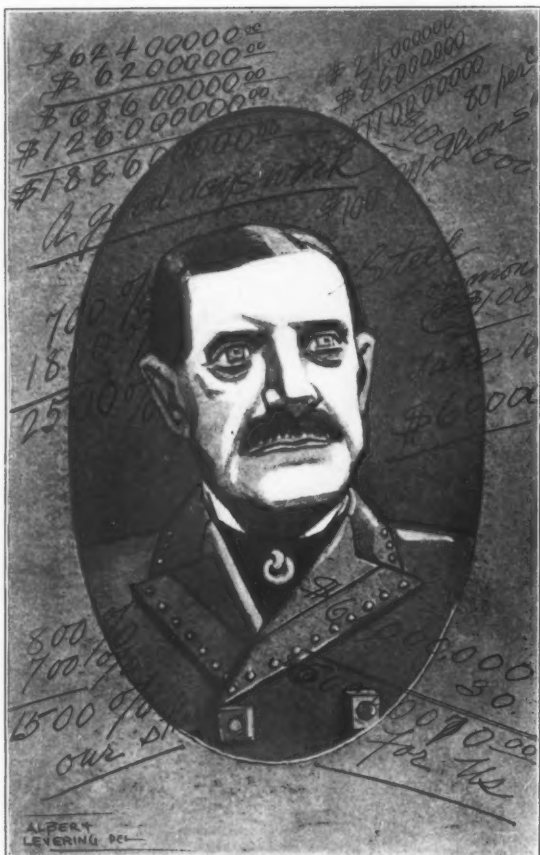
But as I did not get all of the latter that was coming to me, neither do I want as much of the former as I deserve.

However, to "get down to cases," as goes the saying in the commoner circles of that society of which I have been a shining light, and tell the Great Story of Adulterated, I will begin with my part in the swindle.

In the first place, I evolved an idea by which all of the Brass in the country could be adulterated and made to look like Gold.

Next, I sought the well-known band of public plunderers and highwaymen—The Standhard All Gang—who imme-





WILLING ROCKSELLER.

THE BUZZ-SAW OF THE "STANDARD ALL" MILL. (I FOOLISHLY MONKEYED WITH IT.—The Author.)

diately fell to the beauty of the plot. They agreed to burglarize all of the banks necessary, in order to secure the Gold with which to buy up the Brass of the country.

Here I must depart a brief space from the story, that I may explain how the *bank game* is worked. For I mustn't tell all I know at once—the idea being to make a short story as long as possible.

The said game is very simple and involved. "A." sneaks around to the rear of the bank at two A. M., climbs in a window, sandbags the watchman, blows open the safe, and removes the gold.

He then hands it out of the window to "B.," who in turn delivers it to "C.," at an opportune moment when the latter is not looking.

Later, "A." and "B." receive each a present from "C.," equalling one-third the total amount acquired by the scheme.

Still later, the divided shares are reunited, and the fund created is called "A Community of Interest"—from a regard for the community in which the game is worked.

Now that the inner working of this always more or less

mysterious operation is made more dense than ever, I will resume.

The Gold, for the purchase of Brass to be adulterated to the appearance of Gold, and which I intended should look as *good* as Gold to the public, having been obtained, the Brass was accordingly purchased.

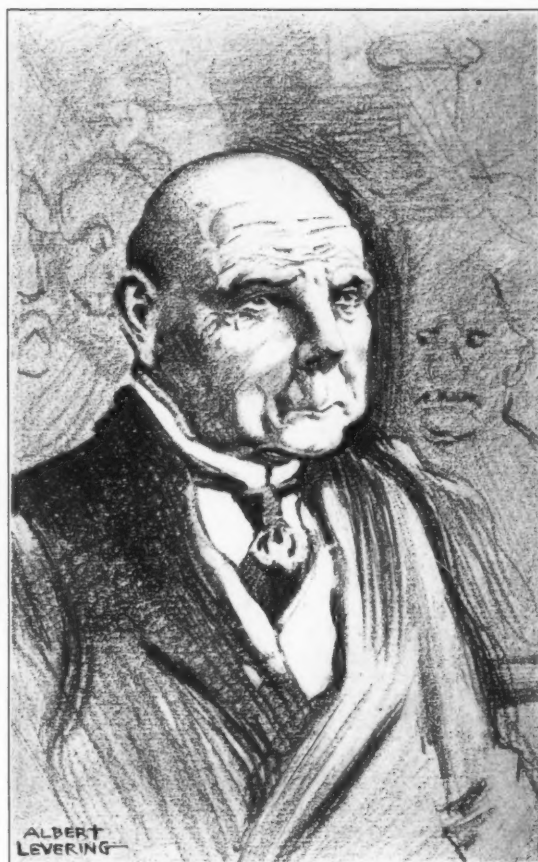
And was accordingly adulterated; and an iron-clad but solid gold agreement as to a division of the spoils was obtained by Your Foster-Uncle Dudley.

AND ADULTERATED BRASS WAS SOLD *just* AS IF IT REALLY WERE AS *good* AS A GOLD BRICK.

Yes, the Dear Public bought it—hundreds and hundreds of millions of it.

But now comes the grisly part of my story of Adulterated. Weep with me, as you try, though ever so feebly, to imagine my horror, when I learned that this band of freebooters and land-pirates, instead of using *Gold* to adulterate my Brass, had actually used *BRASS*!

I immediately washed my hands of the reeking swindle, but, obeying my natural instincts, I promptly called for a division of the spoils. I was tendered a check for one-



JOHN D. ROCKSELLER.

THE MAIN TORCH—AND WHO HELPED TRIM ME FOR \$400,000,000.00—MY SHARE OF THE SWAG.



*The Waiter (chuckling to himself):* IT'S A HILL WIND WOT DON'T BLOW NOBODY NO GOOD. I NOTICE THAT HEVERY TIME A GENT AN' 'IS SWEET'EART 'AS A TUFF, IT'S SAFE TO MYKE A MISTYKE IN THE BILL.

fourth of the millions my contract called for—on the strength of the fact that they had substituted Brass for Gold.

I rebelled; volcanically, sulphureously, I rebelled; and my un-Sunday-School language loosened the gang.

They doubled the amount of the check, thereby swindling me out of one-half of my share of the plunder

My story of Adulterated is done. And now that it is told, I am wondering if the "Dear Public" will fathom my motive for telling it. If not, guess again. A. L.

### Providence.

AND yet the time came, at last, when Americans ate more slowly than any other genuinely great people in the world.

For as soon as they got too rich to work, too stupid to talk and too fat to dance, and there was nothing for them to do but eat, they very soon discovered, with their native sagacity, that they could kill more time eating slowly than in eating fast.

Providence knows its business. If Providence had sent down an angel, with a flaming sword, to tell Americans to chew their food, it would have got the laugh; and a revelation through a prophet would hardly have been given a scare-head in the newspapers Monday morning. But by going rightly about it, Providence has its way, after all.

Some people can be driven; others have to be managed.

### Another "Query."

YOUR verse (?) called "Query" (it's a "corker") Must have been penned by a New Yorker;

You say: "New York, so I've heard tell,

Is scarce a better place than H—I."

And then proceed, without a balk, To make a rhyme of "York" and "talk."

I say, if New York's like your verse, You've heard aright. Hell *can't* be worse.

*A Wes'erner.*

EDITOR LIFE: The above is for your "Kickers' Column," if you can stand the "jolt." If not, the waste-paper basket will do. It has reference to the lines on page 165 of your issue, dated August 18.

### Women.

THERE were four women: a pretty woman, a great woman, a wise woman, and a good woman.

About the pretty woman thousands pressed, asking her how she did her hair.

Hundreds gathered about the great woman, asking her how she managed her butler.

Dozens drew near to the wise woman, asking her how she avoided inking her fingers.

But the good woman stood alone, except for a blind person, who could not see that she was neither pretty, nor great, nor wise, and was, therefore, curious to know why she was good.



Copyright, 1904, by Life Publishing Co.

A YEAR OR TWO LATE  
GREAT-UNCLE TAGG MAKES A NEW





YEAR OR TWO LATER.  
UNCLE TAGG MAKES A NEW WILL.

## A Question of the Day.

O, SING a song of servants and a kitchen in distress,  
Twice four-and-twenty applicants with questions numberless.

"How many in the fam'ly?" "Do you put the washing out?"  
"How often is there comp'ny?" "Are the children thin or stout?"  
"Can I have two days off a week?" "D'sher husband chew or smoke?"  
"Have any in the fam'ly ever had a fit or stroke?"  
"How many cats and dogs?" "Do you sit up so very late?"  
"And could I practice on the piano after half-past eight?"  
"What kind of breakfast food d'ye use?" "D'ye own your house or rent?"  
"Do you belong to any clubs?" "Where is your laundry sent?"  
"How often do you change the sheets?" "Have you a telephone?"  
"Is all your silver solid?" "Would I have to eat alone?"  
"Who is your doctor?" "Do you take a story magazine?"  
"The bath-room up or down stairs?" "Could I use the sewing machine?"  
"Who sweeps the sidewalk and the steps?" "Have you an opera box?"  
"Do you have people in to dine who'd give a 'tip' on stooks?"  
"How often do you give a Tea?" "And must I wear a cap?"  
"And can I have three hours each day to take my beauty nap?"

O, sing a song of servants and a household all upset,  
And Pa has made the air just blue with growl and epithet,

While Ma, she says that in "that land so sweet, so pure, so fair,"  
She hopes and prays that there will be no servant question *there!*

Winthrop Gray.



## The New Season Waxes Busy.

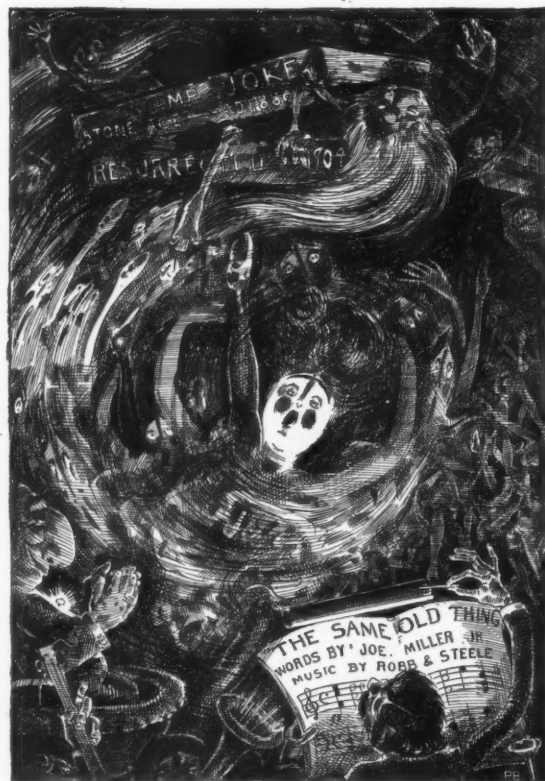
RICHES unlimited are said to be within the reach of that man who can tell what the public wants. If this is true, its postulate, that the theatrical manager who can tell what the public doesn't want should be able to save himself a lot of money, ought to be equally true. Judging by results thus early in the season, it either isn't true, or a good many managers don't know what the public doesn't want. In New York City, those of the new attractions which have caught the public fancy can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and that without using all the fingers, either. This, too, in face of the fact that New York is full of theatre-hungry people returning to, or passing through, the city, and that the weather, up to the present writing, has been particularly favorable to theatre-going. It's barely possible that in the managerial fear of giving the public something which would be over their heads, our purveyors of amusement have underestimated the average intelligence of the public and have undershot the mark.

That "The Duke of Killcrankie" and "The School Girl" are counted among the new season's successes would go to confirm this view. They both come from London, where managerial intelligence

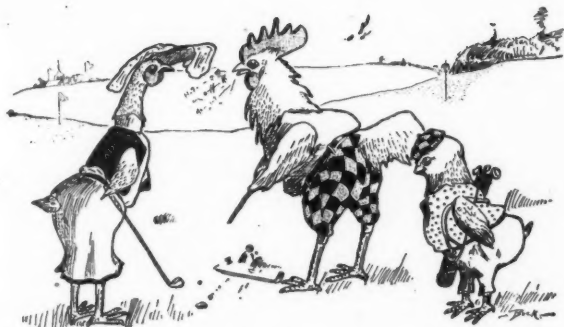
is of a higher order than here, and both appeal in their respective fields to a more cultured taste than that credited to the American public by New York managers and producers. Neither of these entertainments is by any means eminent of its kind, but they are the only ones of the new season which appeal to any but the most ordinary taste.



FOR justification of their low estimate of the American public, and as an excuse for their own lack of intelligence, education and refinement, managers of the strictly commercial kind may point to the way their coffers are enriched by such exhibitions as that given by the Rogers Brothers at the New Amsterdam Theatre. Here we have the very acme of tawdry vulgarity, verging at points on indecency. Its heroes are two variety-show artists of the "expectoration" school, whose specialty is showing their mouths and nostrils each into the other's face, and at this close and disgusting range exchanging a rapid fire of low and feeble repartee. As a background to this choice appeal to weak minds, we are given a few second-rate performers of the variety class and a plethora of ordinary young women clad, so far as they are clad, in all the hues of the rainbow, selected with a view to kaleidoscopic effect. Ungraceful, uncouth, and with voices of fish-market *timbre*, it is evident that they are only there for their appeal to the sensual-minded. For the occupation of this array of talent are provided music of the kind which best pleases the whistling corner-loafer, speeches which are as void of wit as they are of originality, and dances which depend for their attractiveness more on



THE DREAM OF A MAN WHO FELL ASLEEP AT A COMIC OPERA.



Mrs. Cluck: FOR GOODNESS SAKE, JOHN, DO STOP THAT FOUL LANGUAGE!

exposure of the human form than on grace or rhythm of movement. To the exploitation of this show is devoted one of the most elaborate of our theatres, located in the heart of the theatre district. In view of the attraction's popularity with a considerable section of the public and its pecuniary success, it does not seem wholly strange that other vulgar and ignorant managers seek to profit by its degrading example and pitch their own efforts in the same key.

When one witnesses this vulgar riot of color, noise and crass femininity, one wonders which to blame most—the poor devils on the stage, the managers who, for money, will give the public anything it will pay to see, or the brainless and debased persons who can find no better occupation for their time than witnessing such shows.



At the Knickerbocker, Lulu Glaser is attempting to duplicate, in a musical way, Julia Marlowe's dramatic success in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," turned into light opera by Ludwig Englander and Harry B. Smith, under the title of "A Madcap Princess." This might, perhaps, have been possible, if Mr. Englander's score had more originality and force, if Mr. Smith's libretto had more wit and cogency, and if Lulu Glaser were not the same Lulu Glaser who has been so frequently criticised for her certainty of her own cleverness, her very Pittsburg speech and her hoydenish methods. Not all criticism is written in an unfriendly spirit or simply with the idea of being smart. Lulu Glaser would to-day be a vastly more pleasing artist, if she had known this, and if she had taken more to heart and to her own improvement the criticisms which have been bestowed upon her.

"A Madcap Princess," as it stands, is a commonplace comic opera. It is not rankly bad, and will amuse in a mild degree those who are not exacting.

A SERIES of articles, which promises to give the history of the Theatrical Trust and a description of its methods, is about to appear in *Leslie's Monthly Magazine*. If the promise is kept, and the articles tell the whole truth, *Leslie's Monthly* would better look out for itself, or it will be subjected to the same terrorizing methods which have cowed the daily newspapers into silence and subjection.



No play by Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero fails to arouse interest. In his choice of topics he is not afraid to get very close to the marrow of human interest, with results which, although not always edifying, and sometimes very much the reverse, at least lay a strong hold on the attention. "Letty," his latest work to see the light in New York, deals very frankly with the story of a man in the upper walks of London life who attempts to establish irregular relations with a young woman very much below him in the social scale. Mr. Pinero avails himself of his high position

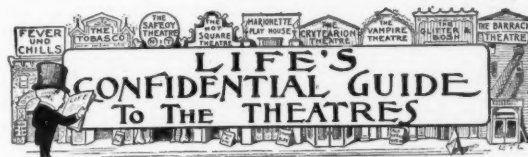
as a dramatist to go into details in certain scenes which a writer of less eminence would have drawn more sketchily. These scenes have a dramatic value which strongly enhances the interest of the play. They also again raise the question of just what it is allowable to do in a theatre which is open to every callow youth and maid who has the price of admission. "Letty" unquestionably teaches a lesson and preaches a highly moral sermon voiced by the heroine's two companions, who are much with her in the guise, respectively, of good and bad angel. The lesson, of course, concerns the sexual relations, and is told with all of Mr. Pinero's undoubted skill. As the lesson is a good one, it would seem as though, having pointed out the facts, the duty of determining whether young persons shall be permitted to learn their morality in this way must be left to the parents and others who are legally responsible for the way in which the aforesaid young persons spend their money and time.

It is also a pleasure to be able to say that Mr. Pinero's play is well staged and unusually well acted. Even Mr. Faversham forgets his curious ideas of what gentlemen are and do to the point of being bearable as the hero in the quieter scenes, and rising to very considerable emotional heights in the intense passages. The *Letty* of Carlotta Nillson bears out the promise she gave last season. She is an unusual figure with a personality entirely her own. Unconventional in manner and appearance, there is no denying the effectiveness of her subdued methods in reaching the sympathies of her audience. A little more distinctness of delivery in some of her lines would not be amiss, but she is in all respects a valuable accession to our acting forces. Julie Opp and Mr. Arthur Playfair are also excellent in their portrayal of eccentric types from English low life, one a bounder and the other a shop-lady. It was a pleasure to see Mr. Fritz Williams in a character part which he handled admirably, and old favorites like Katherine Florence and Mr. Sidney Herbert in congenial rôles.

"Letty" is indeed welcome, because it shows brains in its writing, some regard to the *ensemble* in its acting, and makes its appeal to something a little higher than the circus intellect.

JUDGING by the bill-boards and newspaper advertisements, all of the legitimate actors have gone into vaudeville, and all of the vaudeville actors are appearing in the legitimate theatres.

Metcalfe.



- Academy of Music*.—"Checkers." Slangy racing drama, with considerable fun in it.
- Belasco*.—Revival of last season's pretty and handsomely mounted comedy, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."
- Casino*.—"Piff, Paff, Pouf." Nonsensical but amusing musical piece, with Mr. Eddie Foy and Alice Fischer in the principal parts.
- Criterion*.—William H. Crane in "Business Is Business."
- Daly's*.—"The School Girl." Imported musical play. Not the best of its kind, but better than most.
- Empire*.—Robert Marshall's "The Duke of Killcrankie." Polite and very frothy comedy.
- Garden*.—"The College Widow," by George Ade.
- Garrick*.—Clara Bloodgood in Clyde Fitch's "The Coronet of the Duchess."
- Hudson*.—A. W. Pinero's "Letty." See above.
- Knickerbocker*.—Lulu Glaser in "A Madcap Princess." See above.
- Lyceum*.—Cecilia Loftus in Zangwill's "The Serio-Comic Governess."
- Lyric*.—Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "Taps."
- Manhattan*.—Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp." Excellent company in interesting dramatization of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair."
- New Amsterdam*.—The Rogers Brothers. See above.
- Savoy*.—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Faithful and laughable reproduction of types from the celebrated book.
- Wallack's*.—"The County Chairman." George Ade's laughable skit on American rural politics.



## Are Three American Women Out of Five Disappointed in Their Husbands?



Correspondents may treat the subject in any way they prefer, humorously or seriously.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor of LIFE.



THERE is every indication that Irving Bacheller's *Vergilius, a Tale of the Coming of Christ*, is to be one of the best sellers of the season. This outlook would be amusing, were it not deplorable. Amusing, because the book, which is a featherweight romance of the courts of Augustus Cæsar and Herod the Great, is plainly addressed to that public which P. T. Barnum knew so well and pleased so cleverly, but deplorable because the story is covertly sensual, historically misleading, and in its denouement smugly blasphemous.

We have heard so much of the "great American novel," and have been so constantly put off with more or less excellent sectional character studies, that an attempt like Robert M. Lovett's *Richard Gresham* is rendered doubly encouraging. The story of Richard, man and boy, is a well-handled and most readable piece of fiction, and, while it is by no means the "great American novel," it is greater than many, and more synthetically American than most of its fellows.

Mr. Whittaker and Mrs. Whittaker and the Misses Whittaker, the chronicle of whose affairs makes up *The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker*, by John Strange Winter, are middle-class Londoners seen at close range from a middle-class standpoint. Now to overlook the prairie one must at least climb a tree, and while the Whittakers would be enlivening if seen through the eyes of a satirist, or a philosopher, or a student of comparative humanity, they are, when viewed from their own level, spontaneously and naively banal.

FOR the best answer to this question, contained in five hundred words or less, LIFE will give fifty dollars.

There is a growing tendency to describe as "summer fiction" things which are not worth reading in cold weather. As a matter of fact, however, the taste for drivel is an evergreen, not a deciduous growth, and real summer fiction belongs to an entirely different order, of which *Cynthia's Rebellion* is an excellent example. It is a bright summer comedy by a new writer, Mr. A. E. Thomas, and suggests the early style of Mr. Hope.

*The Book of School and College Sports* is a volume of description, of general instruction, and of reference, by Ralph Henry Barbour. It deals with football, baseball, track athletics, tennis, lacrosse and hockey, is illustrated by photographs and numerous diagrams, and includes the rules of the games and records of past events.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest novel, *Anna the Adventuress*, shows that he has quite mastered his new *metier*—the writing of polite sensationalism for popular consumption. The story, and praise can go no higher, combines the breathless excitement of a serial in the *Fireside Companion* with the perfect breeding of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

We note a volume upon *Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods*, by H. Irving Hancock. Mr. Hancock has already published similar guides for men and for women, and the present adaptation either proves that he is a most enthusiastic apostle of Jiu-Jitsu, or that, having struck a good thing, he is very providently pushing it along.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*Vergilius, a Tale of the Coming of Christ*. By Irving Bacheller. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

*Richard Gresham*. By Robert Morss Lovett. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker*. By John Strange Winter. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.50.)

*Cynthia's Rebellion*. By A. E. Thomas. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*The Book of School and College Sports*. By Ralph Henry Barbour. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.75.)

*Anna the Adventuress*. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)

*Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods*. By H. Irving Hancock. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

## An Experience.

THERE is a man ahead of me.

I am tired this afternoon, and slightly irritable.

I am anxious to get home where I can rest.

I wonder if I know the man ahead of me?

Yes. His name is Jones. Jones is a story-teller and recounter of reminiscences. It wouldn't do to catch up with him.

I never realized before that Jones was such a slow walker. My house is four squares down the street and his is five.

I must go slower. Now we are going along about even. I like Jones, but it would be a strain to meet him just now. I would have to gather myself for a mental effort. I would have to slap him on the back and ask him things I don't care a hang about. Then Jones might begin one of his stories.

Hello! I'm gaining on him again. What in the devil's name makes him go so slow? Perhaps he hears me coming. Maybe he's laying for me.

I never knew before how hard it is to slow down from my accustomed walk. Well, I'll keep it up. I'll get within a reasonable distance of Jones, and then stop short and wait. It's easier to do that.

But suppose he should hear me coming? He would naturally turn around and wait for me. Better stop now and give Jones a chance to get away.

I'll be hanged if I can stop. I'm too nervous to stop. I'd like to build a fire under Jones.

I'll be up to him in a minute, curse him. No, I won't. I'll loiter. I'll dawdle.

Jones, I'll get even with you for this—for keeping me away from all the comforts of my own home just when I need it most.

There! Gaining on him again. Whew! This is warm work. But I must stop. I will stop. I'll—

"Hello, Jones, old man! Didn't you see me coming? Why in thunder didn't you wait for a fellow?"

Tom Masson.



WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIRE.



THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE.

Ef yu ban wise, and ay s'pose yu ban,  
Yu know 'bout Yeneral Sheridan;  
But maybe yu ant remember the day  
Ven he yump on horse, and den he say,  
"Ay'm yust about twenty-six miles away!"

Some rebel fellers ban start big row  
In Vinchester—ay ant know yust how,  
But ay tenk dey yump on some Yankee guys  
And trying to give dem gude black eyes!  
So Yeneral Sheridan hear dese guns,  
And drank some coffee and eat some buns,  
And tal dis har landlord, "Gude-by, Yack!  
Ay skol paying my bill ven ay com back!"  
Den he ride so fast that sune he say,  
"Vall, now ay ban saxteen miles away!"

Dese cannons ban roaring gude and loud—  
It ban tough game for dis Yankee crowd.  
And Lieut. Olson he tal his pal:  
"Ay tank we ban due to run lak hal!"  
So dey start to run, or else retreat—  
Dis ban noder name for gude cold feet,  
And dey run so fast sum dey can go,  
Lak Russians luring dese Yaps, yu know.  
"Yee whiz!" say Sheridan, "Yump, old hoss!  
Ay tenk my soldiers get double cross!  
An' spo'se yure hoofs getting purty sore,  
But ve only got 'bout sax miles more!"

Val, Yeneral Sheridan meet his men,  
And he say, "It's now yust half-past ten.  
Ay hope ay skol never go to heaven  
Ef dese Rebel Svedes ant licked by eleven!  
Yust turn around, now, in yure track—  
Com on, yu fellers! Ve're going back!"  
And yu bet yure life dey vent back, tu,  
And put gude crimp in dis Rebe! crew.  
But soldiers ban careless sons of guns,  
And the yeneral never settled for buns!

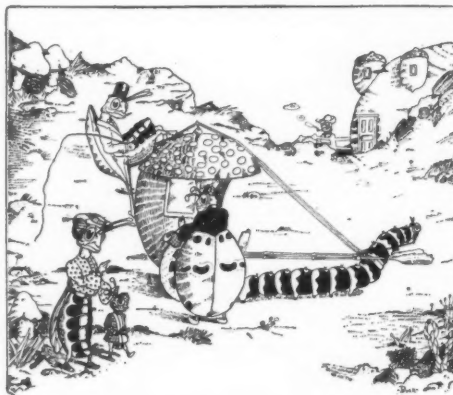
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SENATOR JIM FAIR had two marked characteristics  
—economy and love of joking. He never forgot

frugality in his extensive business, and he even made  
his own econmy a subject for humor.

Once while puttering around over the Comstock  
he slipped and started feet first down a deep, narrow  
shaft. There was a long, continuous wooden ladder  
reaching to the bottom, with its every twelfth rung  
of iron to strengthen the structure. Down this he  
sped.

"When I found myself sliding down toward the  
center of the earth," said the Senator, who used to  
enjoy telling the story, "I thought it was time to begin  
doin' something. So I commenced to grab at the



Mrs. Bug: WILLIE, WHENEVER YOU PASS I WANT YOU  
TO TAKE OFF YOUR HAT TO HER. DON'T YOU KNOW SHE'S  
A LADY BUG?

ladder rungs. As I went down I broke every single  
one of them wooden sticks. This checked the speed  
of my fall, and I landed 'bout a thousand feet below,  
badly shook up, but not hurt."

"But what did you do when you came to the iron  
rungs?" he was asked.

"Oh, I just skipped 'em. Couldn't afford to break  
'em. Wood was cheap, but iron was then durned dear  
on the Comstock."—San Francisco Call.

HE WAS WILLING.

"I don't want to speak to you again about your  
reckless expenditure of money," said the stern parent.  
"All right, dad," replied the incorrigible youth.  
"Hereafter it will be up to you to hand out the coin  
and say nothing."—Chicago Daily News.

MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE was talking one day  
about the white ribbon that is the sign of total absti-  
nence.

"There are some persons," said Mrs. Burdette,  
"who don't wear the white ribbon with sincerity.  
They wear it, perhaps, about as hypocritically as it was  
worn by an employee of a certain brewer."

"This employee, after years of dissipation, ap-  
peared one day at the brewery with the white ribbon  
on his breast. Nothing was said to him, and he wore  
the ribbon for some months. Then one day the head  
of the firm, happening to notice the man's badge,  
approached him.

"Why, Frank," he said, "it is strange to see you,  
a brewer, wearing the white ribbon."

"It does look strange, sir," the man admitted.

"Well," said the brewer, "why do you do it?"

"It is like this," said the workman. "I wear the  
ribbon because it makes men like to tempt me; and  
when I'm tempted I succumb, sir."—Baltimore Herald.

SENATOR "JOE" BLACKBURN'S politeness was dis-  
astrous to him upon one occasion. He was making a  
trip to the mountains in the eastern part of Kentucky,  
and made his stopping-place a farmhouse at a remote  
point from the city. On the day of his arrival he  
was rather late for dinner, and the lady of the house  
apologized for the coffee, which at that time was luke-  
warm. "Oh, I do not mind it in the least, madam,"  
said Senator Blackburn; "I really prefer my coffee  
cold, you know." It was served cold during the re-  
mainder of his two weeks' stay.—Argonaut.

FIRST passenger, promenading on the deck of a  
liner in midocean, to second passenger, leaning dis-  
consolately against the rail:

"Have you dined?"

Second passenger, dejectedly: "On the con-  
trary."—Harper's Weekly.

STRANGER: Do express trains stop here?

BIG HANK (station agent): Only fer railway  
officials an' train-robbers.—Ex.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News  
Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

**WILSON  
WHISKEY**  
**That's All!**

**A Box**  
of  
**Dainty Verse and Pictures.**

A handsome box containing

Taken from LIFE,  
in red leather and gold.

Rhymes and Roundelays,  
in green leather and gold.

In Merry Measure,  
in dark blue leather and gold.

\$4.00.

Price of each volume,  
\$1.50.

Established 1860

150 Varieties

**ESTERBROOK'S**  
**Steel Pens**

Sold Everywhere

The Best Pens Made

Southwestern Limited—Best Train for Cincinnati and St. Louis—NEW YORK CENTRAL.





Many social leaders in New York and other large cities—people who demand and have the best of everything—are users of **COLUMBIA Electric Broughams, Landaus, Landaulets, Hansoms, Coupes, Victoria Phaetons and Opera Busses.** These vehicles are built from exclusive designs and are sold for private service only. Let us send you a handsomely printed list of prominent purchasers and our special Town Carriage Catalogue.

**ELECTRIC VEHICLE CO., Hartford, Conn.**  
NEW YORK, 134-138 West 39th St. CHICAGO, 1413 Michigan Ave. BOSTON, 74 Stanhope St.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



FINANCIAL.

"HAS THE DOCTOR MADE A DIAGNOSIS YET?"

"NO, BUT I THINK HE HAS TAKEN AN ESTIMATE."



**A**FTER a morning's shopping nothing will recuperate you so much as one of those delicious **Club Cocktails.** They are the correct thing to offer your friends whenever they call. They are both a tonic and stimulant, and fill a distinct place of their own. Easily served and appreciated by ladies and gentlemen alike. Buy some Manhattan and Martini, and ask your friends which they prefer. Of all dealers. Specify **CLUB COCKTAILS.**

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.,** - **Sole Proprietors**  
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON



We want to send you enough Cailler's Genuine Swiss Milk Chocolate to make you "remember the taste," next time you are chocolate-hungry. Don't send any money—just your name on a post-card, and you'll receive generous samples, both of the eating and of the drinking chocolate. We'll leave the rest to you. Address to-day,

**J. H. FREYMANN**

General Agent for the United States

**861 Broadway, New York**

**Velutina**  
*The Standard Velvet*  
LOOK FOR NAME ON SELVAGE

### TARTAR IS A TARTAR

Soft, spongy, sensitive gums result from tartar accumulation. It should be removed at once by your dentist and thereafter prevented by the use of

**SOZODONT**  
**TOOTH POWDER**

and its complement, SOZODONT Liquid. The Powder is slightly abrasive, is absolutely free from grit and acid, and is just the thing for those who have an inclination for the niceties of every-day life.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.

**TAKE IT EASY**—KEEP COOL—REST YOUR BACK by wearing the "Lightweight" **PRESIDENT SUSPENDER**—2 ounces. Any store 50c and \$1.00 or postpaid for choicest patterns. **THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 118 Shirley, Mass.**



AS SUMMER WANES.

I dropped a seed in a cold, cold heart  
Far back in the early spring;  
I've tried and tried to make it start,  
Oh, I've tried like anything.

The garden flowers that the sun has freed  
With bloom are all aweek.  
Ah, when shall a bud from that little seed  
Blush pink in my true love's cheek?

—E. S. Martin, in *Scribner's*.

THE MOTHER'S FRIEND

when nature's supply fails, is Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a cow's milk adapted to infants, according to the highest scientific methods.

MILLER REESE HUTCHINSON, the inventor, was talking one day about gout.

"Gout," he said, "is very painful."

"Is it different from rheumatism?" some one asked.

"It is, indeed."

"What is the difference?"

"Well," said Mr. Hutchinson, "suppose you should take a vise, put your finger in it, and turn the screw tighter and tighter, till you could bear the pain no longer. That would be rheumatism. Then suppose you should give the screw one full turn more. That would be gout."—*Argonaut*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

"A MAN should instinctively seek the society of his superiors."

"But he should never say so."

"Why not?"

"It would inflate his superiors and irritate his inferiors."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

NO USE FOR IT.

THE CZAR: Viskyvitch.

THE ORDERLY: Your highness.

"Go and take down that sign in the front parlor window."

"Which sign, your highness?"

"Boy wanted!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

STATISTICS show that the average height of the American woman is two inches taller than it was twenty-five years ago. Yes, they come higher, but we must have them.—*New York Sun*.

"HIS!" whispered the politician's wife in the dead of night; "there are robbers in the house!"  
"Yes," replied the politician, sleepily, "and in the Senate, too. But why should that worry you?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

PARKE: Anyone with you to keep you from being lonesome while your family was in the country?

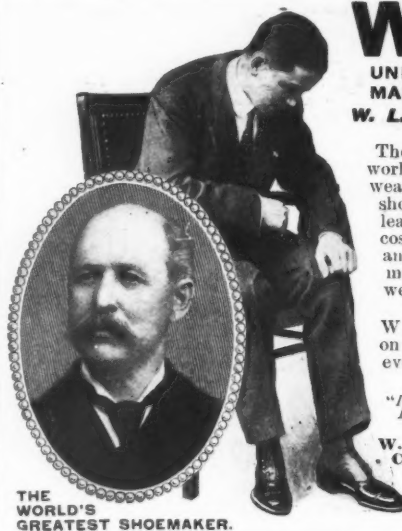
LANE: Nobody but a box of Fonseca's cigars.

TOURIST: Can I have a couple of towels?

LANDLADY: Are you going to stay here all summer?—*Lustige Blätter*.

"How did you like our new duet?" she asked.

"Oh, was that a new duet? I thought you were only quarreling!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOEMAKER.

# W. L. DOUGLAS

## \$3.50 SHOES

UNION MADE. FOR MEN.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

The reason W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes and the high-grade leathers used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were

**\$6,263,040.00.**

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere. *Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively.*

**Superior in Fit, Comfort and Wear.**

"I have worn W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for the last 12 years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior in fit, comfort and wear to others costing from \$5.00 to \$7.00."

B. S. McCUE, Dept. Coll., U.S. Int. Revenue, Richmond, Va.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona

Colt is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made.

Send for Catalog giving full instructions how to order by mail.

**W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.**

## Investments.

We offer a selected list of **HIGH GRADE BONDS** and guaranteed **STOCKS** paying from 3% to 5%. The securities are on hand for immediate delivery.

Lists and full particulars upon application.

**Redmond & Co.,**  
BANKERS.

507 Chestnut St., 41 Wall Street,  
PHILADELPHIA. NEW YORK

Patronize American industries.  
Wear a

# KNOX

# HAT

the creation par excellence of the nation.

Agencies in all the principal cities in the world.



## MOTOR BOATS

Auto Launches, Steam and Sail Yachts, Row Boats, Canoes  
For SPEED, PLEASURE, BUSINESS

BEAUTIFUL, RELIABLE, ECONOMICAL, SIMPLE, SAFE  
Our 64-page catalog gives the truth in detail about the best and cheapest boats built. Agencies in all principal cities. Write today. Address

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Box 102, Muskegon, Mich.



"THEY NEVER DISAPPOINT," Graham Supplementary Spiral Springs for hard riding Automobiles. Fit any car. Booklet free. The Graham Co., 11 Dennison St., Boston, Mass.

HAY FEVER and ASTHMA cured to stay CURED. BOOK 24 Free. P. Harold Hayes, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM  
Use the Great English Remedy  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.  
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

WE CLAIM  
THAT

# OLD CROW RYE

IS BEST—  
BECAUSE

It is sold straight. It brings the distiller far more price than any other made in the United States.

It is hand made, sour mash, and has the best reputation. Our Scotch Whiskies are true Glenlivets; are sold straight. The Souvenir is old. The Bonnie Brier Bush is very old.

**H. B. KIRK & CO., New York**



Everybody knows Corticelli is the best silk for sewing or embroidery. As it costs no more than poor silk, how foolish it is for anyone not to ask the clerk especially for Corticelli!

**THE SWELL ENGLISH LONG POINT.**

**BELFAST BRAND**

**Surrey**  
25¢ EACH



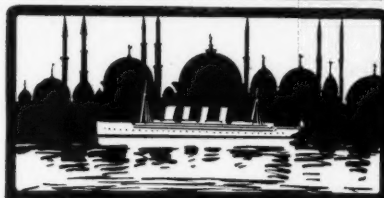
**SCARF SLIDES EASILY-SEE?**

**ASK YOUR DEALER**

EMIGH & STRAUB, MAKERS.

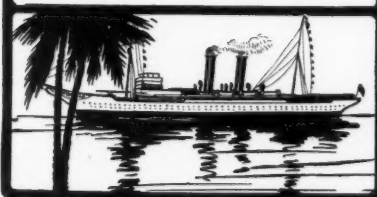
**Good Salaries**  
Paid by the U. S. Government  
The rapid growth of the country is constantly increasing the number of civil service positions open to American citizens over 18. Thousands of appointments are made every year. We can qualify you to pass high. Write now for particulars, regarding positions, salaries, etc. State age.  
**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**  
Box 914, Scranton, Pa.

**LIFE'S  
LATEST CIRCULAR  
"A Few Suggestions"**  
UPON REQUEST  
TO  
**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
17 West Thirty-First Street  
NEW YORK

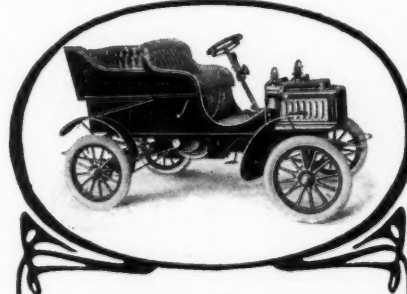


**18 Different Cruises and Special Services**

S. S. DEUTSCHLAND  
2 FAST TRIPS TO ITALY from New York, January 7 and February 7.  
S. S. MOLKE  
16 DAYS' ORIENTAL CRUISE, from New York, January 30, 1905. Cost \$300 upward.  
S. S. PRINCESSIN VICTORIA LUISE  
CRUISES TO THE WEST INDIES, also to the Mediterranean, during January, February, March, April. Cost \$125 upward.  
S. S. METEOR  
SHORT AND INEXPENSIVE CRUISES in the Mediterranean and the Adriatic Seas, starting from Genoa and Venice. Cost \$70 upward.  
Excellent connections made by Company's Atlantic service.  
ATLAS LINE SERVICE  
TO JAMAICA, ETC. Sailings every Saturday.  
\$40 one way, \$75 round trip, including state-room accommodation and meals.  
23 Days' Cruise, \$125 per Adult  
Send for Illustrated Booklets before deciding Winter plans  
**HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE**  
NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA  
CHICAGO ST. LOUIS  
Agencies in All Principal Cities



**TESS:** That Mrs. Gaddie seems to be at home wherever she may be.  
**JESS:** I saw her in a place yesterday where she appeared decidedly uneasy and restless.  
"Where was that?"  
"At home."—*Philadelphia Press.*



Do you want an automobile you can drive year in and year out without constant worry? Do you want a machine that has few parts, and all of them instantly accessible? Do you want to understand intelligently the operation of every part in an hour's time? Then you want to buy any one of the six models of  
**Rambler Touring Cars**  
Model "H" \$850 at the factory  
Model "H," here shown, will carry four people anywhere any car can go. It has full elliptic springs, two powerful brakes, 28-inch wheels, 3-inch tires, 81-inch wheel base, large cylinder, 7 actual H. P. engine, two lamps and horn, detachable tonneau, and sells for only \$850 at the factory.  
Six different models, \$750 to \$1,350 at the factory. Write for new Art Catalogue and "A Little History."  
**THOS. B. JEFFERY & CO.**  
Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.  
CHICAGO BRANCH 304 Wabash Ave. BOSTON BRANCH 145 Columbus Ave.

ACCURATE knowledge of brewing gained by 118 years of Ale making, coupled with scientific bottling, has placed

**Evans' Ale**

at the head of the ale brewing industry of the world. It is the superlative in brewing and particularly adapted to the requirements of the critical American taste.

Any Dealer—Anywhere  
**C. H. EVANS & SONS, Established 1786**  
Brewery and Bottling Works, Hudson, New York

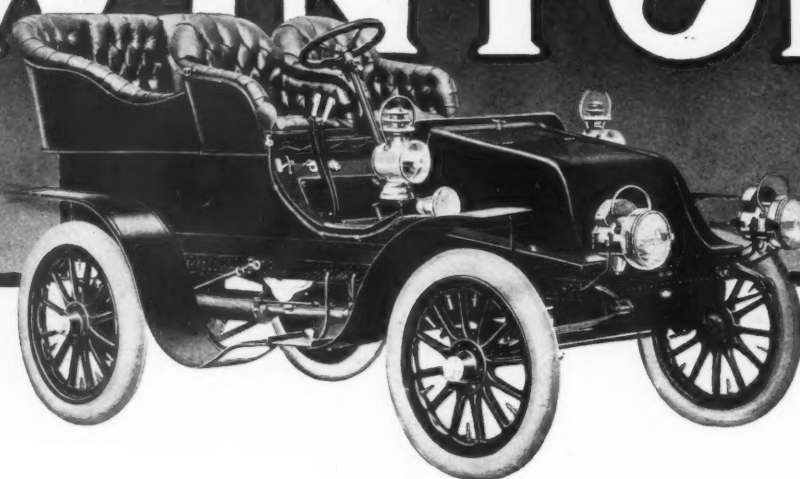
**SURBRUG'S  
Arcadia  
MIXTURE.**

"When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia."  
*J. M. Barrie.*

TO  
**CALIFORNIA**  
VIA  
**Southern Pacific**  
**\$ 50.00**  
FROM NEW YORK  
SEPT. 14TH TO OCT. 15TH  
VARIETY OF ROUTES  
INQUIRE  
BOSTON, 170 Washington St. PHILADELPHIA, 632 Chestnut St.  
NEW YORK, 349 Broadway BALTIMORE, 210 No. Charles St.  
1 Broadway SYRACUSE, 139 So. Franklin St.



# WINTON



52 4-5  
Seconds

## WORLD'S RECORD

52 4-5  
Seconds

Made on the WINTON Bullet No. 2, by Earl H. Kiser, at Cleveland, August 22, 1904.

World's Record for cars weighing less than 1800 pounds, reduced to 58 4-5 seconds on the WINTON Bullet No. 3, by Chas. Gorndt, at Cleveland, August 23, 1904.

Neither man had ever before driven a WINTON in a race. Anybody can drive the WINTON successfully, because it is easily operated, fast, powerful, durable.

\$2500 completely equipped; \$2300 without top; f. o. b. Cleveland. Prompt Delivery. Agencies Everywhere.

### THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.

MEMBER A. L. A. M.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

New York

Boston

Philadelphia

Chicago

London